

Social and Personal.

There is many a rent in the road of life. If we would only stop to take it...

Virginia Horse Shows.

Society interest is divided in Richmond over the Orange Show which has just taken place...

Another party, entertained in the home of Mr. John G. Williams, was made up of Mr. Victor Williams, Miss Betty...

The ball to be given by the Albemarle Horse Show Association will take place in the armory at Charlottesville...

The Stonehall Band will furnish the inspiration for the dances, and the ball will be led by Mr. George Mason...

Miss Ella Buek, who is entertaining a delightful party at "Rose Hill" in Albemarle county, will doubtless...

A large Richmond society contingent is summering in the hotel of Richmond, Mr. B. C. Willis, of Theological Seminary...

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scott are at "Royal Orchard," near Afton, Va. Mr. O. Nolting and Misses Nolting are occupying their summer home near Howardsville...

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Walker will doubtless chaperone a party to the Horse Show. The enthusiasm and excitement which it has aroused is an auspicious augury for the crowning State event in the Horse Show line...

Personal Mention.

Mrs. R. L. McNamee, of this city, who with her daughter, Miss Belle Burch, has been visiting at Graham, Va. is in Lynchburg, stopping a few days with relatives.

Mrs. Julia Hundley, of Williamsburg, is visiting friends in Richmond.

Mrs. Lyon Tyler, Miss Elizabeth Tyler and Mr. John Tyler, of Williamsburg, will spend August at Cragsmore, in the Catskill Mountains, where they will be joined by Mr. Lyon G. Tyler, president of William and Mary College.

Miss Ethel Moore will be at home to friends at No. 7 West Marshall Street for a week, after which time she will resume her summer travels.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Wainwright, of Portsmouth, are spending some time in Richmond, where Mr. Wainwright is being treated by a specialist.

Dr. Joseph W. Eggleston will return next week from the mountains of Virginia, where he has had a most delightful stay.

Mr. C. P. Sales and daughter, of Lynchburg, are visiting Mr. Sales' sister, Mrs. L. A. Jewett, of No. 611 South Laurel Street.

Miss Marguerite Lee Barnette, daughter of Captain Dudley P. Barnette, of Baltimore, Md., who has been visiting the family of Mr. J. Dudley Barnette, in No. 318 East Broad Street, returned home Friday. Miss Barnette was very popular and made numerous friends while in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Moncure, maid and children are at Cold Sulphur Springs, near Goshen, Va., for the month of August.

Mr. Robert P. Burwell, who was operated on at the Retreat for the Sick on July 21st by Dr. Lewis C. Roeder, has so far recovered as to be able to return to his home, "Indian Camp," Powhatan county, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Mercer and Master Roger Mercer have gone to Cold Sulphur Springs for the month of August.

Mr. William J. Stanworth entertained last week at a supper, given in the Norfolk Country Club, in honor of Miss Maude McKenney and Miss Lucille Clarke. Miss Clarke has since returned to Richmond.

Professor and Mrs. T. J. Stubbs, of Williamsburg, are in the city, having come up from their summer home in Gloucester county to be with their daughter, Miss Annie, who is ill at Memorial Hospital.

Mrs. Warren H. Mercer, children and maid are spending the month of August at the Jefferson Park Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Duggins and children, of Little Rock, Ark., are visiting Mrs. Duggins' mother, Mrs. Charles W. Goddin, of No. 126 Park Avenue.

Mrs. W. H. Harris, who has just returned from the St. Louis Exposition, is the guest of Miss Belle Stewart, in Staunton, Va., for a few days before returning to her home in this city.

Mrs. Emmett Cardoza and Miss Helen Cardoza have been visiting friends in Petersburg, Va.

Sulphur Springs for the month of August.

Mr. H. Claiborne Morris is spending his vacation with his relatives in Prince George county.

Miss Lizzie Barrett, of Manchester, accompanied by her mother, left the city Saturday night for Newport News, Va., where they will spend four weeks.

Miss Virginia M. Clark, of Richmond, who has been visiting Virginia Beach, Norfolk and Wytheville for the past two weeks, will leave Wytheville shortly for Pearisburg and Mountain Lake.

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Mr. Robert Schaefer is at Buckrock Beach Hotel for the midsummer season.

Mrs. Herbert Brown is spending two weeks at Ocean View. Mrs. A. A. Hungerford is also at Ocean View.

Mr. W. B. Stacy, of Amelia, is at Coloke, Va., for several weeks.

Mrs. M. A. Carter will spend August at Melton's.

Mr. W. Y. Shepherd will be at Afton, Va., for the month of August.

Mr. M. A. Smith, who has been spending some time at McRae's Virginia, has returned to Janta, Va.

Mrs. W. P. Taylor is summering at Landon Hotel, Basic City.

Mrs. Coleman Wortham is summering at Cold Sulphur Springs, Va.

Mrs. H. F. Smith and daughters are with Mrs. Clanton G. Coleman, near Buckner's Station, Va.

Mrs. O. H. Funsten and children will be at Greenwood, Va., until about the middle of September.

Dr. Charles S. Gardner, of Grace Street Baptist Church, and family are at Greenwood for the summer.

Mr. J. E. Epps is spending some time at Crozet, in Albemarle county.

Miss Marie Marshall, of Williamsburg, Va., and Miss Ida Falconer, who have been at Virginia Beach, Va., are now registered at Homestead Hotel, Hot Springs.

Mrs. J. S. Moore is the guest of Mrs. Cameron, at Goshen, Va. Mr. E. H. Meanley, who has been at Basic City, is now at Goshen.

Mrs. Thomas F. Meanley is at Mount Elliott Springs for the summer.

The Rev. Richard Williams, of Washington, D. C., is at Rockbridge Alum Springs.

Recent arrivals at the Greenbrier White Sulphur include Miss Lily Urahart, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Goode, of Boynton, Va.; Mr. J. L. Maury, Captain E. E. Lee, of West Point; Mr. Q. Holt, of Anchorage, Surry county, Va.

Captain Richard Cook and Mr. Lennie Bolton left Sunday for a trip down the James on their beautiful yacht "Vixen." They expect to land at City Point and stay a couple of days.

Burnett's Extract of Vanilla is sold by all the best grocers every where; try it.—Adv.

Down the River. Captain Richard Cook and Mr. Lennie Bolton left Sunday for a trip down the James on their beautiful yacht "Vixen." They expect to land at City Point and stay a couple of days.

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POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof Charles Elliot Norton.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

By DRAKE.

Joseph Rodman Drake was born in New York in 1795 and died there in 1820. He was left an orphan at an early age. He and his two sisters experienced early sufferings and privations, yet all three were poets from childhood. At 14, while in a counting house, he wrote poetry of a high order. Three years later he met the poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and the two formed a friendship that was like that of two brothers. At 18 Drake studied medicine, and, upon completing his studies, in 1816, he married the daughter of a wealthy shipbuilder and went to Europe on an extended tour. Upon his return, in 1819, he formed a literary partnership with Halleck, and under the dual name of the "Crackers" they contributed for several months a series of satirical poems, together with some lyrics, to the New York Evening Post. Among them were "Ernie's American Flag," which was published in the spring of 1819, and was probably inspired by the action of Congress, about that time, in substituting for the original stars in the flag, the stars of the State in the Union. For "Ernie's" in the third stanza some additions have "melior" for "hic" and "homo" in the last stanza, some read "only home."

In the last four lines of the poem were originally a part of the poem. Drake was somewhat inferior ones which were originally a part of the poem. Drake was somewhat inferior ones which were originally a part of the poem. Drake was somewhat inferior ones which were originally a part of the poem.

W HEN Freedom, from her mountain height, Unfurled her standard to the air, She tore the azure robe of night, And set the stars of glory there! She mingled with its gorgeous dyes The milky baldric of the skies, And striped its pure celestial white With streakings of the morning light; Then, from his mansion in the sun, She called her angel bearer down, And gave into his mighty hand The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud! Who rear'st aloft thy regal form, To hear the tempest-trumpets loud, And see the lightning lances driven, When strive the warriors of the storm, And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven! Child of the Sun, to thee 'tis given To guard the banner of the free, To hover in the sulphur smoke, To ward away the battle stroke, And bid its blendings shine afar, Like rainbows on the cloud of war, The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly, The sign of hope and triumph high, When speaks the signal trumpet tone, And the long line comes gleaming on, Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet, Has dimmed the glistening bayonet, Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn To where thy sky-born glories burn, And as his springing steps advance, Catch war and vengeance from the glance, And when the cannon-mouthing loud Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud, And gory sabres rise and fall, Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall, Then shall thy meteor glances glow, And covering foes shall shrink beneath Each gallant arm that strikes below That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the sea! on ocean wave Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave; When death, careering on the gale, Sweeps darkly round the belled sail, And frightened waves rush wildly back, Before the broadside's reeling rack, Each dying wanderer of the sea Shall look at once to heaven and thee, And smile to see thy splendors fly In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home, By angel hands to valor given! Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven. Forever float that standard shent! Where breathes the foe but falls before us, With Freedom's soil beneath our feet, And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

By Robert Drake

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

STRIKE NOW NEARING END

Packers Doing Tremendous Business and Have Large Forces at Work.

(By Associated Press.) CHICAGO, August 1.—This was a busy day with the packers. With increased forces of skilled workmen and their operating departments more thoroughly equipped than at any time since the beginning of the strike, the employers took a firm grip on the machinery of their affairs, and as a result the stock-yards to a great extent resounded with the old hum of activity. More than 78,000 head of live stock was received to-day. This is an increase of 18,000 head over the receipts on the corresponding day of last week. Such enormous amount of stock would, under normal conditions, have had a depressing effect on the work, and to-day when the trainloads of animals began to pour into the yards, stock men and traders feared a panic, but it did not occur. Prices were lowered sharply, but the fact that the market held as well as it did, seemed to prove that the packers are prepared to increase their output.

The End in Sight.

The big packers bought 8,000 cattle, 13,000 hogs and 10,000 sheep during the day before nightfall 80 per cent. of these purchases had been slaughtered. Further proof of the assertions of the packers that the difficulties of the strike are being overcome was furnished by the shipment of 500 carloads of fresh meat from the stock-yards. Of this number 400 cars were loaded and shipped by the firms affected by the strike. These shipments were consigned to all parts of the world, eighty carloads being billed to Boston for export. These shipments followed 20 carloads of meat sent out by the packers on Saturday and represent only a part of the business that is going on in spite of the strike. As near as could be estimated to-night 333 union men of the various grades are being billed to Boston for work during to-day. Of this number who abandoned the fight, many were skilled workers.

The packers say to-day's desertions make the total number of strikers who have returned to work 2,000. Chief of Police Nathan Phillips declared his belief that peace in the strike is in sight, and that by Thursday great changes will be seen tending toward a peaceful end. "From what I learned, many of the men who went out in a sympathetic strike, are returning to their positions in the packing plants," he said.

TRAIN HOLD-UP NEAR CHICAGO

(By Associated Press.) CHICAGO, Aug. 1.—Robbers to-night held-up an Illinois Central passenger train between Flossmoor and Macomb. Several of the passengers were robbed and it is said that one person who resisted was seriously wounded by the robbers. The bandits, of whom there were five, had revolvers and all were masked. The man who was wounded was struck in the head with an axe. The train was a special, bound for St. Louis with excursionists. Patrick J. Keefe, special agent of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and a posse of detectives are in pursuit.

SHE TAKES POISON.

Young Woman Takes Overdose of Corrosive Sublimate.

In a fit of despondency a young white woman living near Fourth and Chestnut streets last night took an overdose of corrosive sublimate, which may prove fatal. The ambulance was called and Dr. Leonard hurried to the house. The woman finally bringing her around. She was in a critical condition when he arrived. She took five grains of the special poison drug, which is 100 times the dose generally prescribed by physicians. When the doctor left the woman she was much relieved, but he could not say whether or not she would survive.

BREAKS HIS NECK.

Negro Falls From Shed and Sustains Injuries Which Prove Fatal.

A negro employed at the Rosenberg Brewing Company, while leaning on a shed roof from a distance of about twenty feet, breaking his neck. Dr. Leonard, of the city ambulance, responded to the call, but the man had expired, death coming almost instantly after a fall of 100 feet. Dr. Leonard, the county coroner, will view the remains, but it is not thought that an inquest will be necessary.

No Band Concerts This Week.

Parade's Band, which is under contract with the city for park concerts during the summer will omit the musical evenings this week, for the reason that it has been engaged with the sanction of the city to play for the convention of the National Association of Stationery Dealers, which is in session at the Bijou Theatre.

FLOTSAM-JETSAM CONGLOMERATION

With the mercury at 80 under the fans, Justice John Swannered away on a docket worth less than \$100 to the city, yesterday. The patrol wagon had made thirteen trips since Saturday morning, and the result was a fLOTSAM-jETSAM conglomeration, embracing drunks, disreputable and a few criminals.

John Trout, beat his wife \$10 worth. This regulation fine will probably be raised at an early date, for the presiding genius says he is going to break up such conduct on the part of men.

Pompey Goodman's crime was not so great. He simply struck Willie Giles, and paid \$5 for it.

Annie Melton abused Maria Joel, both colored. After an examination into the evidence \$5 was fixed upon as the proper sum to soothe Maria's feelings.

James Christian is alleged to have taken fifty-five cents belonging to Lizzie Allen. The case seemed to be some doubt about it, and the case went over to the 10th.

Then came the crap-shooters—Arthur Lewis, Joe Harris and Thomas James. The usual fine of \$20 each was assessed.

And Lucinda Davis, colored, was charged \$20 for allowing a bunch of negroes to use her apartments for the purpose of playing craps, skin and poker. The players made their escape, but they are liable to be landed later.

Charles Washington, Robert McKenna, and Rufus Holz, colored, were forced to put up \$5 each on the charge of reckless driving.

The drunks followed along. Ned Beaulieu was sent down for thirty days—an old-timer.

William Stewart paid \$10 for adding disorder to his drunk.

Willie was charged drunk and went to sleep on the sidewalk, and the sum of \$2.50 was placed against his name.

IS DENIED POISON; CUTS HIS THROAT

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) CHARLESTON, W. VA., Aug. 1.—Henry O. Middleton, aged about forty years, a prominent attorney of this city, and unmarried, attempted to take his life about 10 o'clock to-night and is in a serious condition from loss of blood, which flowed from a wound in his throat inflicted with a pocket-knife. It is said he had been drinking heavily for several days. To-night he walked into the Arcade drug store, where he asked for a large dose of poison, such as is used to kill rats. The clerk seeing the condition he was in, refused the drug, when he walked up to a drug store and asked for a bottle of poison. He walked into the Arcade drug store, where he asked for a large dose of poison, such as is used to kill rats. The clerk seeing the condition he was in, refused the drug, when he walked up to a drug store and asked for a bottle of poison.

HAYTIANS MAKE ALARMING THREAT

Foreigners Much Excited Over Norde's Reference to Massacre of 1804.

(By Associated Press.) PORT AU PRINCE, HAYTI, Aug. 1.—At a public reception to-day President Norde made an address which has alarmed the foreign residents. He accused the foreign population of plotting against his government for the object of overthrowing which they had put up the rate of exchange and also prices on all goods. The President said he had decided to defend himself and intimated that he would take strong measures.

President Norde made a threatening reference to "what happened in Hayti in 1804."

The rate of exchange is 600 per cent.

STATE FAIR AT NORFOLK

First Shipment of Cattle Through Norfolk From Chicago Went Out Yesterday.

THE DANCE TAX REMOVED

Manager of Princess Anne Hotel Recedes From Objectionable Move Toward Cottagers.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) NORFOLK, VA., August 1.—The opening of the Virginia State Fair took place this morning at the grounds of the Norfolk Horse Show and Fair Association at Farmers' Park.

To-morrow will be the big day, and thousands of people are expected to be in attendance to witness steeplechasing. The racers have all arrived, and some hot racing is expected.

WRIT OF MANDAMUS.

A writ of mandamus was issued to-day by the Court of Law and Chancery compelling the Chesapeake Transit Company to permit Dr. D. Lawrence Groves to inspect the by-laws of the company, or that a set of by-laws be given to Mr. Grover. That part of Mr. Grover's petition relating to an inspection of the books of the defendant company and of the minutes of the board of directors were overruled, the petition being insufficient on these points. Mr. Grover was represented by Mr. W. Tazewell Taylor, and the Chesapeake Transit Company by its counsel, Mr. J. E. Conole. A TROUPE BE REMOVED.

The subject that has been a matter of heated controversy between the cottagers of Virginia Beach and the Princess Anne Hotel of that place, has at last been removed. Up to the present time of this season, the manager of the hotel, Mr. James Groves, had imposed a tax of 25 cents on those who were not guests of the hotel, when wishing to dance at the hotel. It was the storm that rose on this account that Mr. Groves deemed it advisable to remove the tax, to prevent any ill feeling existing between the cottagers and the management of the hotel.

CATTLE SHIPMENT.

The first shipment of cattle through this port by the Armours of Chicago, even out yesterday morning when the Dutch steamer's Amsteldijk, of the Holland-American Line, sailed for Deptford, England, with a cargo of 700 cattle on board.

The ordinance providing for the increase of the Mayor's salary to \$2,500, will be up again to-morrow evening at the meeting of the Common Council. It has the approval of the Finance Committee, but whether it will gain the approval of the Council is a question.

KING IS FREE.

Ex-Alderman Served His Full Term and Is Now at Liberty.

Ex-Alderman John M. King is a free man again. In the term of twelve months exacted on Sunday night, and he went immediately to his home, the fine of \$100 having been previously paid. He said yesterday that he had not formed any definite plans for the future, and would remain in Richmond for the present at least. A number of his friends called on him yesterday, and shook his hand. He spoke well of the officials, as they did, also, of him.

At various times during his term of imprisonment, counsel for the Ex-Alderman made strenuous efforts before the courts for his release. Before the efforts were unsuccessful, however, and he served his full term. He was convicted before the Street Committee of the City Council, of which he was at one time a leading member.

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Careful and prompt attention given to all correspondence. Goods sent on approval—express prepaid.

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LET US REPAIR Your Furnace or Put in for You a

Sexton's Low-Down Radiating Hot Air Furnace, for which we are "SOLE AGENTS."

We would be pleased to give you an estimate. We have put in a great many of them, and every one is giving perfect satisfaction. Do not fail to see our

WINDSOR LATROBE AND OUR LINE OF Virginia Steel Ranges. Expert Tinsmiths and Sanitary Plumbers.

JOHN H. ROSE & CO. No. 1427 E. Main Street.

GOOD LUCK MAKES BREAD THAT FATTENS BAKING POWDER.

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT YOU WILL WANT TO READ THIS STORY LATER IF NOT NOW. BOB, SON OF BATTLE. By ALFRED OLLIVANT. Copyright, 1898, by Doubleday & McClure Co. "A Book to Be Thankful For."

CHAPTER XXV. THE SHEPHERD'S TROPHY. CUP DAY. It broke calm and beautiful, no cloud on the horizon, no threat of storm in the air; a fitting day on which the Shepherd's Trophy must be won outright. And well it was so. For never since the founding of the Dale Trials had such a concourse been gathered together on the north bank of the Silver Lea. From the Hickenlands they came; from the far Campbell country; from the Peak; from the county of many acres; from all along the silver fringes of the Solway; assembling in that quiet corner of the earth to see the famous Gray Dog of Kennur fight his last great battle for the Shepherd's Trophy. By noon the gaunt Scour looked down on such a gathering as it had never seen. The paddock at the back of the Dalesman's Daughter was packed with a clamouring, chattering multitude; animated groups of farmers; bevis of stolid rustics; sharp-faced townsmen; loud-voiced bookmakers; gleaming girls; and a crowd of boys—thrown together like toys on a sawdust bath; whilst here and there, on the outskirts of the crowd, a lonely man and wise-faced dog, come from afar to watch his proud title from the best sheep dog in the north. At the back of the enclosure was drawn up a formidable array of carts and carriages, varying as much in quality and character as did their owners. There was the squire's landau rubbing axles with Jon Burton's modest, mackerel-cart; and there Vaseon Birsday's flare-trace four-in-hand side by side with the red-wheeled wagon of Kennur. In the latter, Maggie, sad and sweet in her simple summer garb, leaned over to talk to Lady Eleanor; while golden-haired Miss Anne, delighted with the surging crowd around, trotted about the wagon, waving to her friends, and shouting from very joyousness. Thick as files clustered that motley assembly on the north bank of the Silver Lea. While on the other side the stream was a little group of judges, inspecting the course. The line laid out ran thus: The sheep must first be found in the big enclosure to the right of the starting flag; then up the slope and away from the spectators; round a flag and obliquely down the hill again; through a gap in the wall, along the hillside, parallel to the Silver Lea; abruptly to the left through a pair of flags—the trickiest turn of them all; then down the slope to the pen, which was set up close to the bridge over the stream. The proceedings began with the Local Squire, worn by Bob Scour's victorious air, Bhop. There followed the Open Youngster, carried off by Ned Hopplin's juvenile dog. It was late in the afternoon when, at length, the great event of the meeting was reached. In the enclosure behind the Dalesman's Daughter, the clamor of the crowd increased tenfold, and the yells of the bookmakers were redoubled. "Walk up, gentlemen, walk up! the ole firm! Rasper? Yessir—twenty to one bar twot! Twenty to one bar twot! Bob? What price, Bob? Even money, sir—no, not a penny longer, couldn't do it! Red Well? Oh says Red Well?" On the far side the stream is clustered about the starting flag the finest array of sheep-dogs ever seen together. "I've never seen such a field, and I've seen fifty," is Parson Leggy's verdict. There, beside the tall form of his master, stands Owd Bob of Kennur; the observed of all. His silvery brush fans the air, and he holds his dark head high as he scans his challengers, proudly conscious that to-day will make or mar his fame. Below him, the mean-looking, smooth-coated black dog is the unbeaten Pip, winner of the renowned Cambrian Stakes, at Llangollen—as many think the best of all the good dogs that have come from sheep-dotted Wales. Beside him, that handsome sable collie, with the tremendous coat and slash of white on throat and face, is the famous MacCallum More, fresh from his victory at the Highland meeting. The cobby, brown dog, seeming of many breeds, is from the land of the Tykes—Merry, on whom the Yorkshiremen are laying as though they loved him. And Jess, the wiry black-and-tan, is the favorite of the men of the Derwent and Dove. Tupper's big blue Rasper is there; Lonesley's Lassie; and many more—too many to mention; big and small, grand and mean, smooth and rough—and not a bad dog there. And alone, his back to the others, stands a little bowed, conspicuous figure—Adam M'Adam; while the great dog beside him, a hideous incarnation of scowling defiance, is Red Well, the Terror of the Border. The Tailless Tyke had already run up his fighting colors. For MacCallum More, going up to examine this forlorn great adversary, had conceived for him a violent antipathy, and, straightway, had spun at him with all the fury of the Highland cateran, who attacks first and explains afterward. Red Well, forthwith, had turned on him with savage, silent gluttony; bob-tailed Rasper was raving up to join in the attack; and in another second the three would have been locked inseparably—but just in time M'Adam intervened. One of the judges came hurrying up. "McAdam," he cried angrily, "if that brute of yours gets fighting again, hang me if I don't disqualify him! Only last year at the Trials he killed the young Ossieck dog." He was unheeded. The battle for the Cup had begun—little Pip leading the dance. On the opposite slope the babel had swelled into a hubbub. Rucksters left their wares, and bookmakers their stools, to watch the struggle. Every eye was intent on the moving figures of man and dog and three sheep over the stream. One after one the competitors ran their course and penned their sheep—there was no single failure. And all received their just meed of applause, save only Adam M'Adam's Red Well. Last of all, when Owd Bob trotted out to uphold his title, there went up such a shout as made Maggie's wax cheeks to blush with pleasure, and wee Anne to scream right lustily. His was an incomparable exhibition. Sheep should be humored rather than hurried; coaxed, rather than coerced. And that sheep-dog has attained the summit of his art, who subdues his own personality and leads his sheep in pretending to be led. Well might the bosoms of the Dalesmen swell with pride as they watched their favorite at his work; well might Tammo's pull out that hackneyed phrase, "The brains of the dog and the heart of a woman"; well might the crowd hawl their enthusiasm, and Long Kirby puff his cheeks and rattle the money in his trouser pockets. But of his part it is enough to say that Pip, Owd Bob, and Red Well were selected to fight out the struggle to death. The course was altered and stiffened. On the far side the stream it remained as before: up the slope; round a flag; down the hill again; through the gap in the wall; along the hillside, parallel to the Silver Lea; abruptly to the left through a pair of flags—the trickiest turn of them all; then down the slope to the pen, which was removed from its former position, carried over the bridge, up the near slope, and the hurdles put together at the very foot of the spectators. The sheep had to be driven over the planed bridge and the penning done before the very nose of the crowd. A stiff course, if ever there was one; and the time allowed, ten short minutes. The spectators hustled and showed in their endeavor to obtain a good position, and well they might; for about to begin was the finest exhibition of sheep-handling any man there was ever to behold. Evan Jones and little Pip led off. Those two who had won on many a hard-fought field, worked together as they had never worked before. Smooth Water; round the flag, through the gap, they brought their sheep. Down between the two flags—accomplishing right well that awkward turn; and back to the bridge. There they stopped; the sheep would not face that narrow way. Once, twice, and again they broke; and each time the gallant little Pip, his tongue out and tail

quivering, brought them back to the bridge-head. At length one faced it; then another, and—'twas a long time was up. The judges signalled; and the Welshman called off his dog and withdrew. Out of sight of mortal eye, in a dip of the ground, Evan Jones sat down and took the small dark head between his knees—and you may be sure on all goods, that was heavy as the man's. "We did our best best, Pip," he cried brokenly, "but we're beat—the first time ever we've been!" No time to dally. James Moore and Owd Bob were off on their last run. No applause this time; not a voice was raised; anxious faces; twitching fingers; the whole crowd tensed as a stretched wire. A false turn, a wilful sheep, a cantankerous judge, and the gray dog would be beat. And not a man there but knew it. Yet over the stream master and dog went about their business never so quiet, never so collected; for all the world as though they were rounding up a flock on the Blair Pike. The old dog found his sheep in a twinkling, and a wild, scared trier they proved. Rounding the first flag, one bright-eyed wether made a dash for the open. He was quick; but the gray dog was quicker; a splendid recover, and a sound like a sabb from the wethers on the hill. Down the slope they came for the gap in the wall. A little below the opening, James Moore took his stand to stop and turn them; while a distance behind his sheep loitered Owd Bob, seeming to follow rather than drive, yet watchful of every movement and anticipating it. On he came, one eye on his master, the other on his sheep; never hurrying them, never flurrying them, yet bringing them rapidly along. No word was spoken; barely a gesture marked; yet they worked, master and dog, like one divided